

# LETTER FROM Mr. Stephen Colledge TO

A Person of Quality, upon his Removal to Oxford,  
to be Try'd upon an Impeachment of High Treason.

Honoured Sir,

**I** Hear I am with Confidence Reported to be a Papist (nay more, a Jesuit;) It's their hour and power of Darknes: they have the advantage and power of me, I was born to suffer, and have no possibility of Righting my self at present, but I hope e're long I shall by a fair Tryall, where all I ask is Justice, no favour; and had rather dye than live suspected: In the Interim, Sir, I have sent these following lines, not for your own satisfaction, who I am perswaded are so already: But for those to whom you shall think fit to communicate them, that are otherwise, (that they are true Verse I cannot say,) but that the matter speaks (in short) the Truth of my Case, the Sincerity of my Heart, and the Sentiments of my Soul, I do most constantly affirm: My Time is precious; I begg your Prayers, and of all good Protestants (for whom I suffer;) and the Lord be with us all: Amen.

Tower, 15 Aug.  
1681.

Stephen Colledge.

---

Wrongfull Imprisonment  
Hurts not the Innocent.

**W**hat if I am into a Prison cast,  
By Hellish Combinations am betray'd,  
My Soul is free, although my Body's fast;  
Let them Repent that have this Evil laid,  
And of Eternal Vengeance be afraid;  
Come Racks, and Gibbets, can my Body Kill,  
My God is with me, and I fear no Ill.

What boots the Clamours of the Giddy throng?  
What Antidotes against a poysonous breath?  
What fence is there against a Lying Tongue,  
Sharpen'd by Hell, to wound a man to death?  
Snakes, Vipers, Adders do lurk underneath:  
Say what you will, or never speak at all,  
Our very Prayers (such Wretches) Treason call.

But

But Walls and Barrs, cannot a Prison make,  
 The free-born Soul enjoys it's Liberty;  
 These Clods of Earth it may incaptivate,  
 Whilest heavenly Minds are conversant on high,  
 Ranging the Fields of Blest Eternity:  
 So let this Bird sing sweetly in my Breast,  
 My Conscience clear; a Rush for all the rest.

What I have done, I did with good Intent,  
 To serve my King, my Countrey, and the Laws,  
 Against the Bloody Papiſt I was bent,  
 Cost what it will, I'll ne're repent my Cause.  
 Nor do I fear their Hell-devouring Jawes:  
 A Protestant I am, and such I'll dye,  
 Mangle all deaths, and Popish Cruelty.

But what need I these Protestations make  
 Actions speak men far better than their words:  
 What'ere I suffer for my Countrey's sake,  
 Not Cause I had a Gun, or Horse, or Sword,  
 Or that my heart did Treason e're afford:  
 No 'tis not me (alone) they do Intend  
 But thousands more, to gain their cursed Ends.

And sure (of this) the World's so well aware  
 That here it's needless more for me to say,  
 I must conclude; no time have I to spare,  
 My winged hours flye too fast away  
 My work (Repentance) must I not delay.  
 Ple add my Prayers to God, for *Englands* good,  
 And if he please, will seal them with my blood.

O! blessed God destroy this black Design  
 Of Popish Consults; it's in thee we trust,  
 Our Eyes are on thee, help, O Lord, in time,  
 Thou God of Truth, most mercifull and Just,  
 Do thou defend us, or we perish must;  
 Save *England* (Lord) from Popish Cruelty,  
 My Countrey bless, thy will be done on me.

Man's Life's a Voyage, through a Sea of Tears,  
 If he would gain the Haven of his Rest,  
 His Sighs must fill the Sayls (whilst some men steers)  
 When storms arise, let each man do his best  
 And cast the Anchor of his hopes (opprest)  
 Till Time, or Death shall bring us to that Shore  
 Where Time, nor Death, shall never be no more.

*Laus Deo: Amen.*

From my Prison in the  
 Tower, Aug. 15.  
 1681.

Printed for *Francis Smith* at the *Elephant and Castle* in *Cornhill*, 1681.